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FIRST HORROR-FYING ISSUE!



NO. 1
OCT

THE VAULT OF

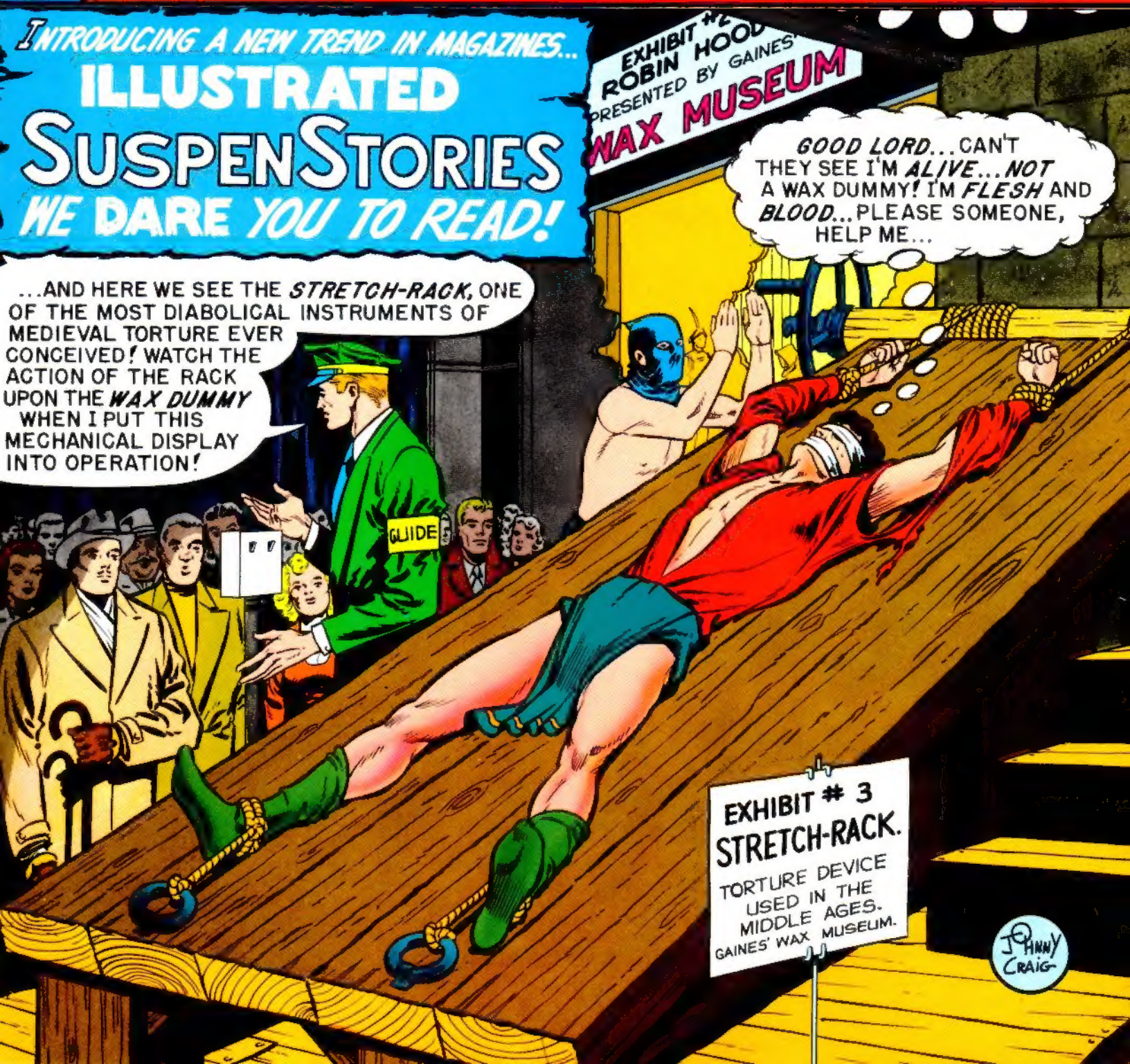


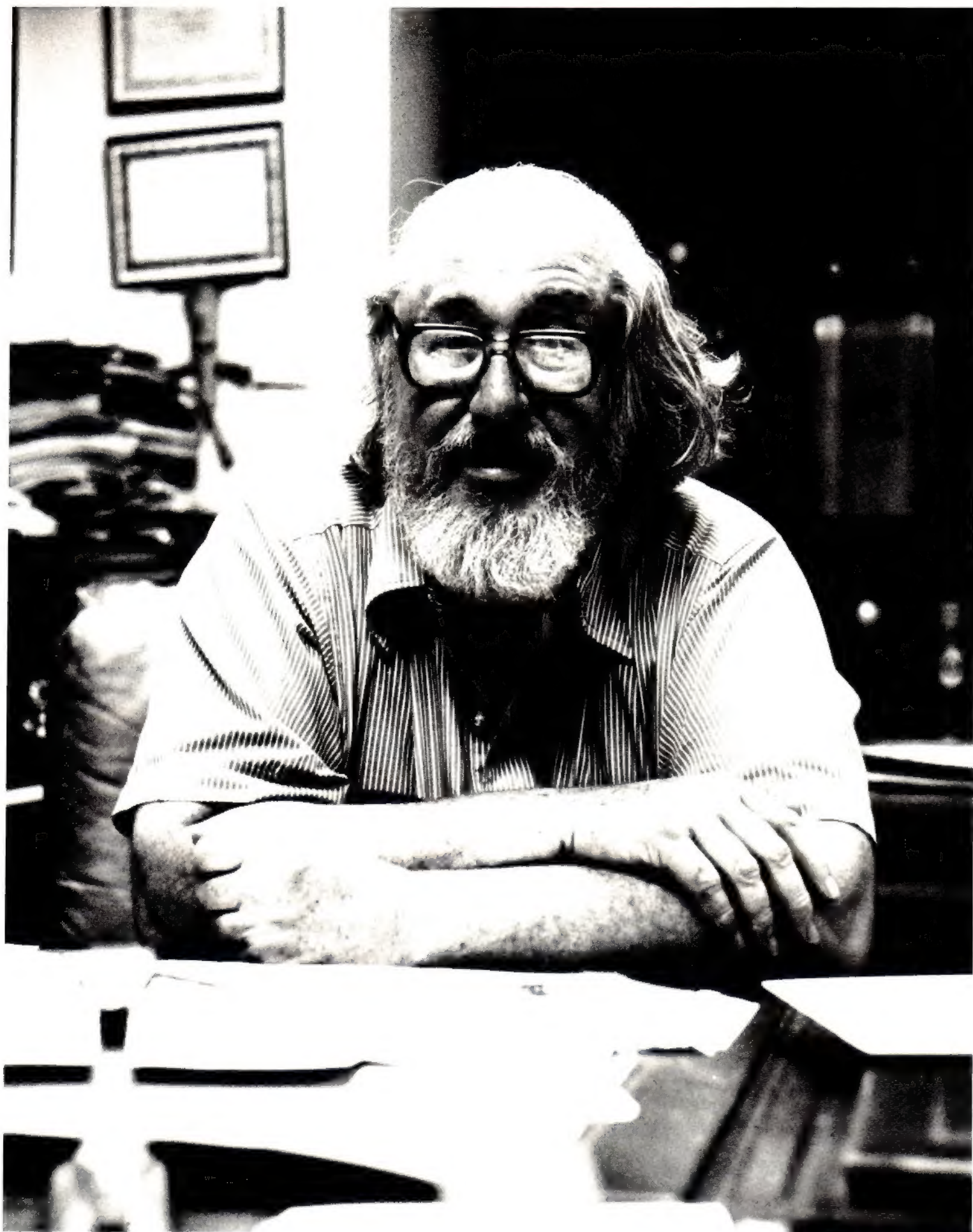
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CANADA

HORROR[®]

INTRODUCING A NEW TREND IN MAGAZINES...
**ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSE STORIES**
WE DARE YOU TO READ!

...AND HERE WE SEE THE *STRETCH-RACK*, ONE OF THE MOST DIABOLICAL INSTRUMENTS OF MEDIEVAL TORTURE EVER CONCEIVED! WATCH THE ACTION OF THE RACK UPON THE *WAX DUMMY* WHEN I PUT THIS MECHANICAL DISPLAY INTO OPERATION!





1980 photo by Russ Cochran

This new series of EC reprints is lovingly dedicated to the memory of
William M. Gaines (1922-1992)

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THE VAULT OF HORROR!

AH, WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! HEH, HEH, HEH...WELCOME...WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE VAULT OF HORROR! THIS TIME I HAVE BROUGHT OUT A *SPECIAL* STORY FOR YOU THAT WILL CHILL THE BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS...AND PERHAPS MAKE YOU STOP AND WONDER A MOMENT WHEN NEXT YOU MEET YOUR BEST FRIEND...HEH, HEH! THIS LITERARY GEM OF HORRIBLE UNPLEASANTRIES IS, OF COURSE, FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION, AND I CALL IT...

PORTRAIT IN WAX!



JIMMY
CRAIG

NOW, LET'S SEE...
OUR STORY OPENS
IN PARIS IN THE
MIDDLE 1930'S!
IN A SQUALID
DWELLING ON
THE LEFT BANK,
WE FIND TWO
STRUGGLING
YOUNG ARTISTS...



ROBERT WAS A STUDIOUS PERSON,
AND TRULY AN ARTISTIC GENIUS...
BUT WITH NO DESIRE FOR FAME! HE
WAS CONTENT TO WORK DAY AND
NIGHT PRODUCING HIS MASTERPIECES...

AH! LOOK HENRY... I HAVE
FINISHED ANOTHER ETCHING!



HENRY, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS PRECISELY THE
REVERSE! HE HAD NO TALENT WHATSOEVER...
AND HIS AMBITION AND JEALOUSY WERE RAMPANT!

THAT FOOL! THAT IDIOTIC FOOL! HE COULD SELL
HIS ETCHINGS... HE COULD BE RICH... FAMOUS... AND
YET HE DOESN'T CARE...



...BUT I CARE! PERHAPS IF I SOLD
JUST ONE... HE'D NEVER KNOW!
AND I COULD ASK A GOOD PRICE...



...AND SO, SOME HOURS LATER, AT
AN ART BUYER'S OFFICE...

AMAZING! M'SIEU, I WILL PAY
ANY PRICE YOU ASK, BUT I
MUST HAVE THIS ETCHING! IT
IS SUPERB! YOU
ARE A GENIUS!

AH... THANK YOU,
SIR! I... ER... I
MAY HAVE OTHERS
IF YOU...



OTHERS? M'SIEU, I WILL GLADLY
PAY YOU ANY PRICE FOR ANY OF
YOUR WORK... PROVIDED
YOU SELL TO ME ONLY!

...THIS IS
BETTER
THAN I EXPECTED!

THEN IT IS AGREED!



HA! HA! THIS IS TOO GOOD! BY SELLING ROBERT'S
ETCHINGS AS MY OWN TO THAT GULLIBLE BUYER, I CAN
RETIRE FOR LIFE AND AMASS A FORTUNE!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

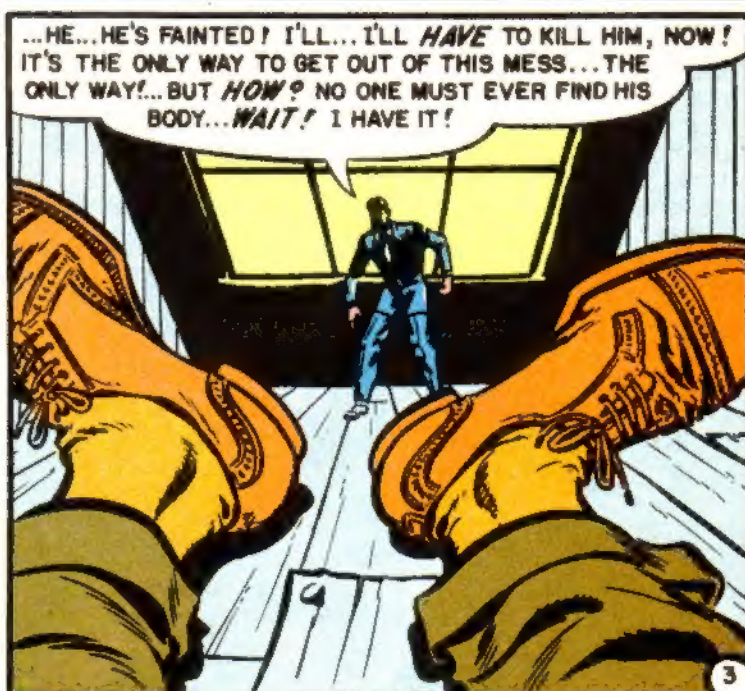
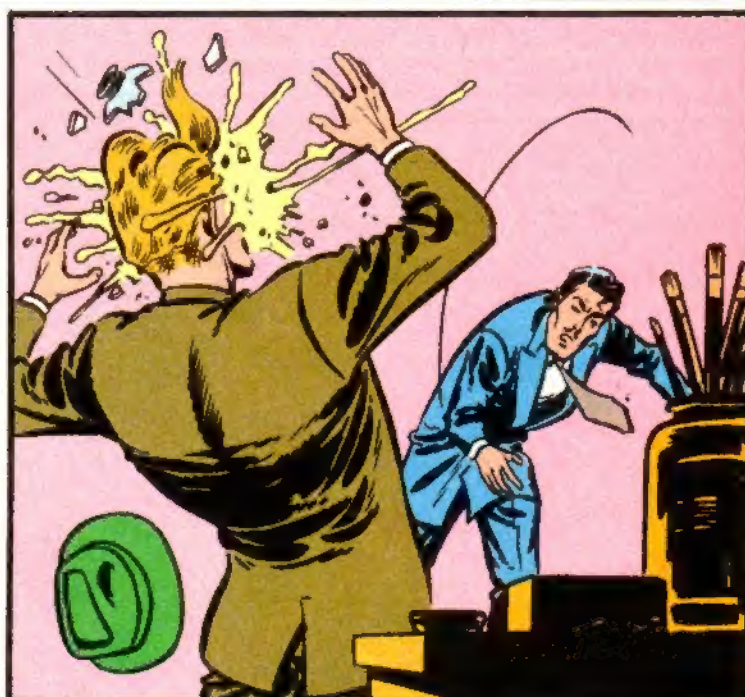


YES, DEAR READER, IT WAS QUITE A SET-UP FOR HENRY!
HE SOLD A NUMBER OF ROBERT'S WORKS AND HIS POCKETS
JINGLED MERRILY. ALL WENT WELL UNTIL ONE DAY...

HENRY! HENRY! YOU BOUNDER! HOW COULD YOU
DO SUCH A THING?! HOW COULD YOU BE SUCH
A CAD AS TO SELL MY WORK
AND CLAIM IT TO BE
YOURS?

WH-WHA...? ROBERT
HOW... HOW DID YOU FIND OUT...





ROBERT ALWAYS KEEPS A VAT OF ACID IN THE BACK STOREROOM... USES IT FOR HIS ETCHINGS! THE VAT SHOULD BE BIG ENOUGH... PLENTY BIG ENOUGH...



THE ACID SHOULD DESTROY HIM COMPLETELY! AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW... NO ONE WILL QUESTION MY RIGHT TO HIS WORKS... ...I'LL BE RICH...



...T-THERE! IT'S... DONE! (GLAACK!) I... I SUDDENLY FEEL A TRIFLE... SICK! BETTER GET BACK TO MY ROOM... I'LL FEEL BETTER THERE... HA! HA! ROBERT'S FABULOUS MASTERPIECES... THEY'RE ALL MINE!



HENRY IMMEDIATELY LEFT PARIS AND MOVED TO LONDON. ALREADY HIS NAME HAD PRECEDED HIM AND WITH EVERY SALE HIS FAME AND WEALTH GREW...



FOR MANY YEARS HENRY REJOICED IN HIS LUXURY...

HA! HA! HA! WHAT A LIFE! THE CRITICS CALL ME A MASTER! A GENIUS! I CAN SELL *ANY* OF ROBERT'S ETCHINGS AS MY OWN AND NO ONE KNOWS... NO ONE KNOWS... HA! HA! THIS IS PERFECT! PERFECT!

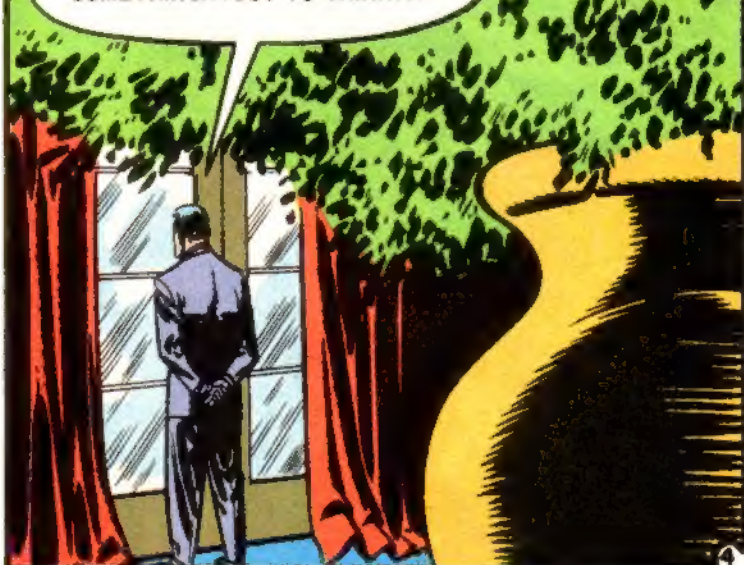


BUT ONE DAY, THERE CAME A SHOCKING REALIZATION...

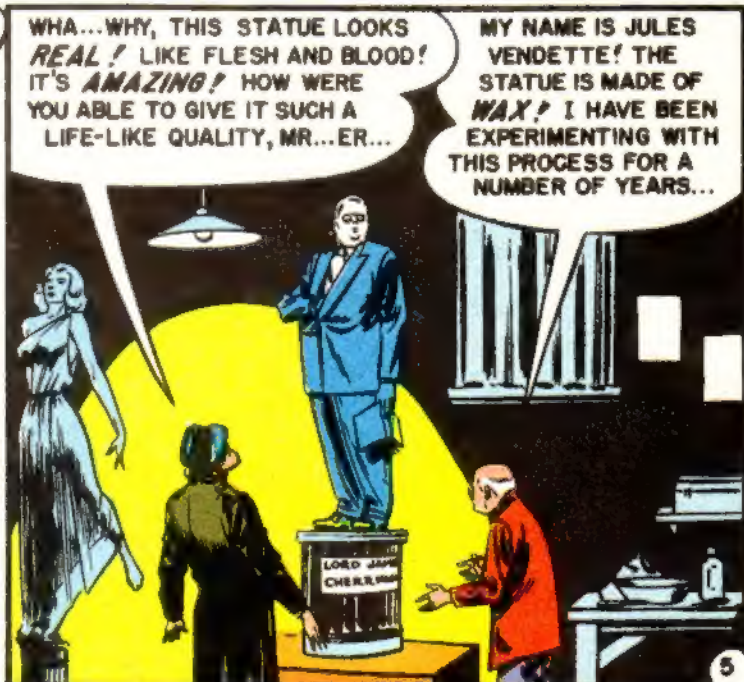
GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'VE ONLY A FEW OF ROBERT'S WORKS LEFT! THEY WON'T LAST LONG... AND WHAT WILL I DO WHEN THEY'RE GONE? WHAT WILL I DO?



I COULD NEVER DUPLICATE HIS TECHNIQUE AND WITHOUT HIS WORK I WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE ANOTHER DIME! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING... GOT TO THINK...



IT WAS SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THIS DISCOVERY, DEAR READER, THAT HENRY RECEIVED WORD THAT HIS CLOSE FRIEND, LORD JAMES CHERRINGWOOD, HAD DIED... AND IT WAS BUT A WEEK AFTER THE FUNERAL THAT A LETTER ARRIVED...



YES, FRIENDS, HENRY WAS PROUD! THE FAME OF HIS WAX MUSEUM SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. WHENEVER A FAMOUS PERSONALITY DIED, HIS OR HER WAX REPLICA WOULD APPEAR IN THE MUSEUM A WEEK OR SO LATER...

HOW BEAUTIFUL!
THE STATUE LOOKS
AS ALIVE AS YOU
OR I!

SO REAL!

MAGNIFICENT!



IT REACHED A POINT WHERE IT WAS CONSIDERED A "MUST" FOR ANY NOTE-ABLE WHO DIED, TO HAVE THEIR FAC-SIMILE APPEAR...

MY UNCLE, SIR CLIVE BERCH, DIED LAST EVENING! I, AH... WOULD PAY A GREAT DEAL IF YOU COULD... ER... ASSURE ME THAT HIS STATUE WILL BE IN YOUR MUSEUM...

I... AH... I
THINK IT
CAN BE
ARRANGED!



AND SO IT WENT... UNTIL ONE DAY...

HAVE TO MAKE ROOM FOR A NEW STATUE... JUST MOVE THIS ONE A BIT... OOPS!



DRAT! I'VE BROKEN THE... GREAT SCOTT! AM I SEEING THINGS? BENEATH THIS THIN LAYER OF WAX... A... A HUMAN HAND!



WHAT TH...? WHY, THIS IS THE CORPSE OF THOMAS DOWNE... MERELY COVERED WITH A THIN COATING OF WAX... JULES! JULES!



CHEAT! FAKER! THIEF! NOW I KNOW WHY YOU ONLY WANTED TO MAKE STATUES OF DEAD PEOPLE! SO YOU COULD STEAL THEIR BODIES AND COAT THEM WITH WAX! GRAVE ROBBER! GRAVE ROBBER!

HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!



I'LL BE RUINED, YOU FIEND! RUINED! STOP LAUGHING!

HA! HA! HA! PRECISELY MY PLAN, HENRY! I SENT YOU THAT LETTER TELLING ABOUT THE STATUE I HAD MADE OF LORD CHERRINGWOOD! I WANTED YOU TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME! I PLANNED ALL THIS!





YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! YOU FIEND! I'LL SHOW YOU!



WH...WHA...YOUR FACE...IT...IT'S SHATTERED... FALLING APART... PIECE BY... PIECE!

DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME UNDER MY FALSE WAX FACE, HENRY? DON'T YOU KNOW ME?



I'M NOT PRETTY TO LOOK AT, AM I, HENRY? ACID DESTROYS A MAN'S FACE SO COMPLETELY! YES, HENRY, YOU REMEMBER ME NOW, DON'T YOU?

ROBERT! NO! KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!



WELL, DEAR READER, ABOUT A WEEK AFTER HENRY'S FUNERAL, THE EXECUTOR OF HIS ESTATE OPENED THE MUSEUM'S DOORS TO THE PUBLIC...

LOOK!

WHY, IT'S...IT'S UNBELIEVEABLE!

HOW DID IT GET HERE?



BUT HE NEVER CREATED A STATUE UNLESS THE PERSON HE WAS DEPICTING WAS DEAD!

THEN HOW COULD...??

HEH, HEH! IF THEY ONLY KNEW...



AND SO, FIENDS...ER, I MEAN, *FRIENDS*, THAT ENDS MY STORY! OH, AH...IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING ABOUT THAT VAT OF ACID...IT *WASN'T*! IT WAS SIMPLY *WATER*! ROBERT'S *ACID*-BATH TURNED OUT TO BE NOTHING MORE THAN A *BATH*! LUCKY FOR *HIM*, OTHERWISE HE WOULD HAVE BEEN AWFULLY BURNED UP! OH, BY THE WAY, THE NEXT TIME *YOU* VISIT A WAX MUSEUM, DON'T LOOK AT THE PROPRIETOR TOO HARD...IT MIGHT BE ROBERT... AND HE *MIGHT* LOSE FACE! HEH, HEH, HEH! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE WHERE I WILL HAVE ANOTHER TALE FROM...

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

IF YOU LIKE THE STORIES IN THIS BOOK, WON'T YOU WRITE TO: RUSS COCHRAN, POB 469, WEST PLAINS, MO 65775?

MY NAME IS WALTER MALLORY. I AM AN ENGLISHMAN, AND UNTIL RECENTLY, THOUGHT MYSELF PERFECTLY SANE AND NORMAL. AND THEN, WHEN THOSE HORRIBLE CHANGES CAME OVER MY BODY, WHEN MY BLOOD HUNGRED TO KILL AND RAVEN IN THE FULL OF THE MOON, I BECAME PART OF...

The WEREWOLF Legend



ANOTHER SUSPENSE STORY
from THE VAULT OF
HORROR!

IT BEGAN IN A DEEP, DENSE WOOD, JUST OUTSIDE MALLORY DENE, CLOSE TO THE MOORS OF DEVON. I WAS NOT MYSELF! I WAS SOME SHAGGY, HAIRY MONSTER...

MOON MAKING MY
BLOOD BOIL! MAKING
ME... HUNGRY! I AM NO
MAN... NOT ANYMORE!
I AM... A BEAST!

AH...
SOMEONE
APPROACHES!



WOOD-HARRISON

HE HEARD MY POUNDING FEET. HE TURNED A WHITE FACE TOWARD ME...AND SCREAMED...



HE CANNOT
ESCAPE ME!



HE RAN! THERE WAS FEAR IN HIS HEART THAT DROVE HIS LEGS...FEAR THAT MADE ME JOYOUS AND EXULTANT! I WAS A BEAST...AFTER MY PREY!

I LEAPED! WEAKLY, HE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL. A GROWL RUMBLED IN MY CHEST...



TONIGHT.
BY THE LIGHT
OF THE MOON.
I WILL
KILL!

AAAGH!

THERE IS A BLANK SPOT IN MY MIND AFTER THAT. DIMLY I RECALL A BED...TOSSING...TURNING...MOANING IN MY SLEEP. AND THEN, THERE WAS MORNING BRIGHTNESS...



WHY...IT'S DAYLIGHT...AND...AND THAT MUST HAVE BEEN...SOME AWFUL KIND OF...NIGHTMARE!

IT WASN'T A DREAM...THERE IS BLOOD ON THE COUNTERPANE AND SHEET...I...I...



IN RELIEF I STAGGERED TO THE BATHROOM MIRROR...AND STARED INTO A HAIRY, UGLY SNOOT...



MERCIFULLY, I FAINTED! WHEN I AWAKENED, POBBS THE BUTLER WAS THRUSTING HIS HEAD THROUGH THE DOOR...

YOUR COUSIN, SIR GREGORY, YES - WOULD LIKE TO KNOW YES, IF YOU WILL JOIN HIM POBBS. I- FOR BREAKFAST, SIR? I'LL BE DOWN DIRECTLY!





I COULD NOT ANSWER! IN A SICK DAZE, I STAGGERED FROM THE DINING HALL...

I KILLED HIM! I WAS... THE BEAST! WHAT... WHAT WOULD GREGORY SAY IF HE KNEW? I MUST BE CAREFUL... VERY CAREFUL!

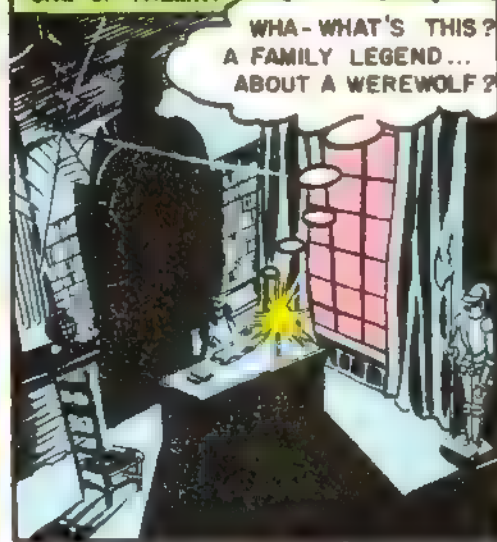


WALTER, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU LOOK! NOW, SUPPOSE YOU TAKE IT EASY TODAY. DO SOME READING IN THE LIBRARY!



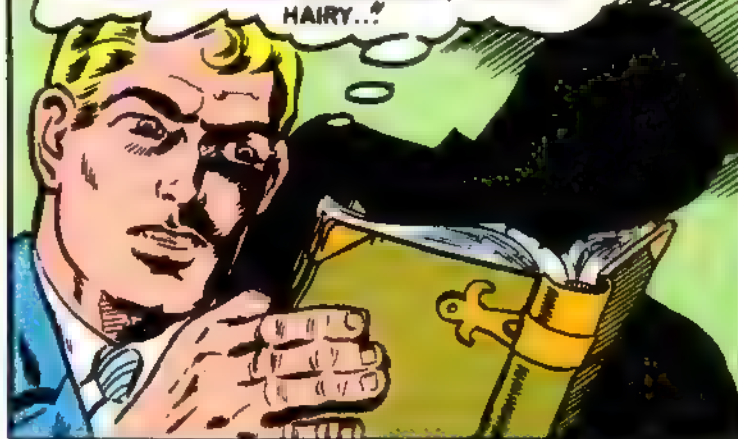
YES, I-I GUESS THAT WILL BE FINE, GREGORY, AND- THANKS!

FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS I READ ODD BOOKS. THEN I STUMBLED OVER SOME ANCIENT FAMILY MANUSCRIPTS THAT GREGORY HAD LEFT OUT FOR ME. IN ONE OF THEM...



MY BLOOD CHILLED AS I READ ON, UNABLE TO TEAR MY EYES FROM THAT OLD VELLUM...

THE FIRST MALLORY WEREWOLF WAS EDMUND, WHO HAD GONE ON A CRUSADE. WHEN HE RETURNED TO HIS BARONY, HE WAS CHANGED. AT THE FULL OF THE MOON, A STRANGE TRANSITION CAME OVER HIM. HIS FEATURES COARSENEED, BECAME HAIRY...



...He went forth from the castle, a beast-like thing, full of hate and the lust to kill! His weird cries sent chills down the spines of all who heard...



The next Mallory to possess the lycanthropic germ in his blood was Dennis, Baron of Munscrief. 'Tis said of him that he ran with a pack of wolves and was himself the fiercest of all...



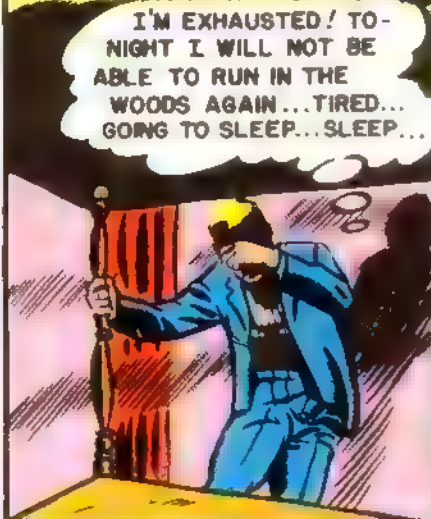
... down through the years the taint descended. The last known Mallory werewolf was Arthur, in 1827. He was cornered and shot by an angry mob...



NOT THE LAST! THE HEREDITARY TAIN'T HAS COME DOWN TO ME... SOMETHING IN MY BLOOD... THAT MAKES ME LIKE THE BEAST! THAT MAKES ME... WANT TO KILL!

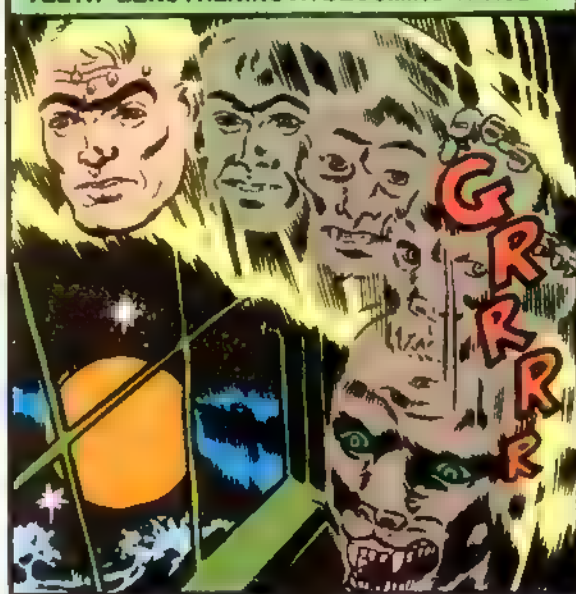


HOLLOW-EYED, I STAGGERED UP TO MY BEDROOM THAT NIGHT. I HAD TAKEN A LONG WALK OVER THE MOORS. I WAS TIRED. I WOULD SLEEP DEEPLY...



I'M EXHAUSTED! TONIGHT I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RUN IN THE WOODS AGAIN... TIRED... GOING TO SLEEP... SLEEP...

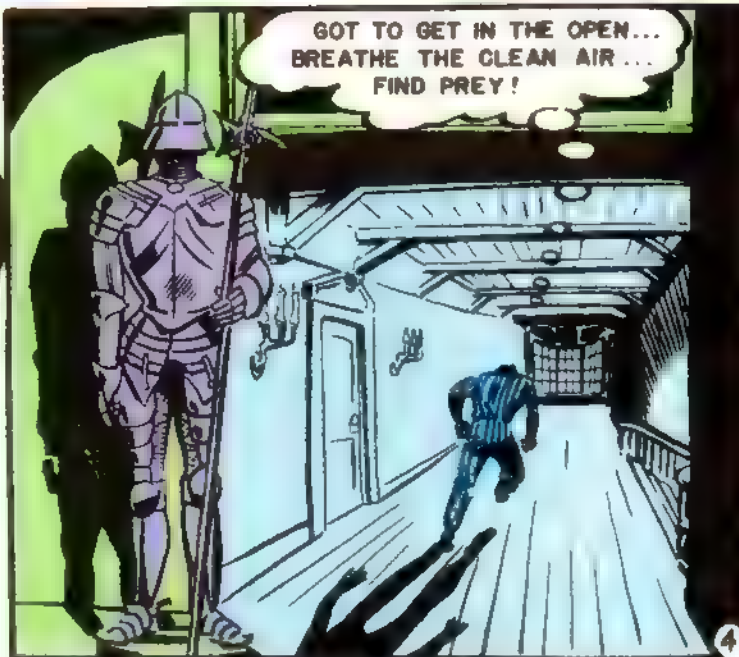
AND THEN... ABRUPTLY... I AWOK! I FELT HAIRS GROWING ON MY CHEEKS... FELT MY TEETH LENGTHENING... BECOMING FANGS...



WANT TO RUN FREE... RUN IN THE WOODS!



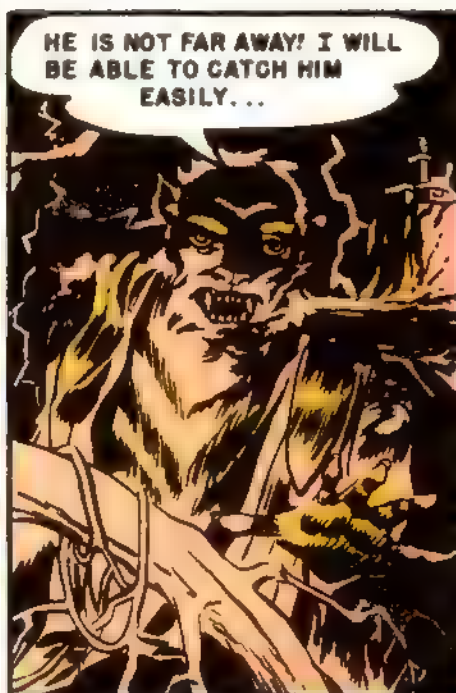
GOT TO GET IN THE OPEN... BREATHE THE CLEAN AIR... FIND PREY!



I FELT THE COOL NIGHT AIR ON MY HAIRY FACE AS I RAN FREELY, EFFORTLESSLY, LIKE THE INHUMAN WOLF I HAD BECOME...



ONCE I PAUSED, TO SNIFF AT THE BREEZE! I SMELT A MAN! MY TONGUE SWELLED AND MY JAWS DRIPPED SALIVA...



HE IS NOT FAR AWAY! I WILL BE ABLE TO CATCH HIM EASILY...

BUT I RECKONED WITHOUT THE HORSE. THE ANIMAL SCENTED ME... SHIED IN FRIGHT...



EASY, BOY! EASY THERE! WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES YOU SO AFRAID?



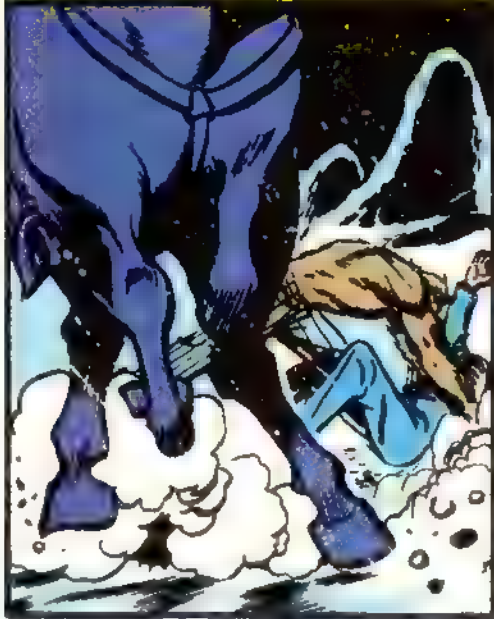
DO YOU HEAR... OHHH! I SEE HIM -- THE WEREWOLF!

THE HORSE BOLTED IN PANIC! HIS MASTER, STRICKEN DUMB, QUIRTED HIM FURIOUSLY... BUT STILL I GAINED... FOR I RAN AS RUNS THE WOLF... EFFORTLESSLY... TIRELESSLY...



NOW I... HAVE YOU?

HE WENT BACK AND DOWNWARDS, HIS SCREAM GURGling IN HIS THROAT...



AND NOW... THE KILL!



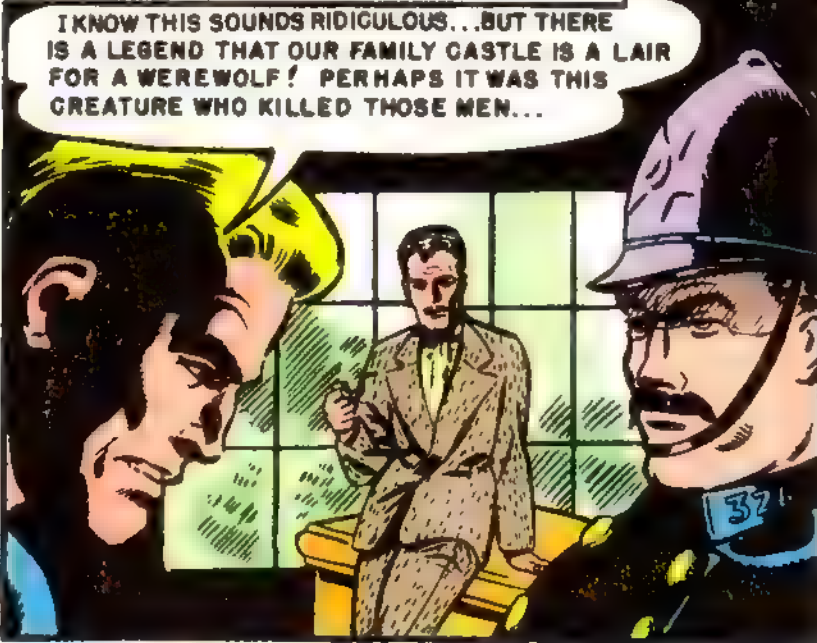
ONCE AGAIN I WOKE WITH BLOOD SMEARED ACROSS MY FACE. ONCE AGAIN I FAINTED! WHEN I RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...



I MIGHT... AS WELL... FACE IT. I'M A **MONSTER!** TO PROTECT INNOCENT PEOPLE, SOMEBODY MUST... KILL ME!

I WENT TO THE CONSTABULARY IN TOWN...

I KNOW THIS SOUNDS RIDICULOUS... BUT THERE IS A LEGEND THAT OUR FAMILY CASTLE IS A LAIR FOR A WEREWOLF! PERHAPS IT WAS THIS CREATURE WHO KILLED THOSE MEN...



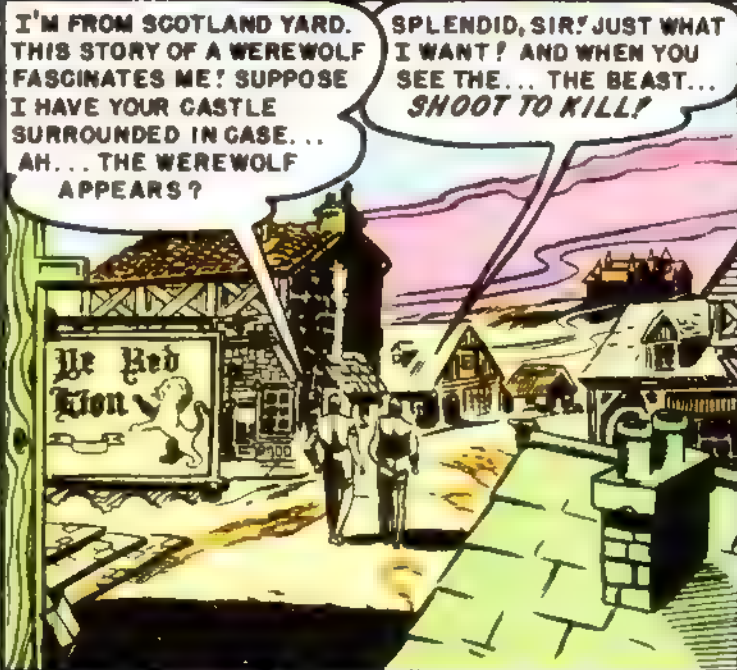
SO THERE'S A FAMILY WEREWOLF, EH? HOW'D YOU LEARN THAT?

FROM SOME OLD MANUSCRIPTS THAT HAVE BEEN IN OUR FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS! ER... MY COUSIN GREGORY SHOWED THEM TO ME!



I'M FROM SCOTLAND YARD. THIS STORY OF A WEREWOLF FASCINATES ME! SUPPOSE I HAVE YOUR CASTLE SURROUNDED IN CASE... AH... THE WEREWOLF APPEARS?

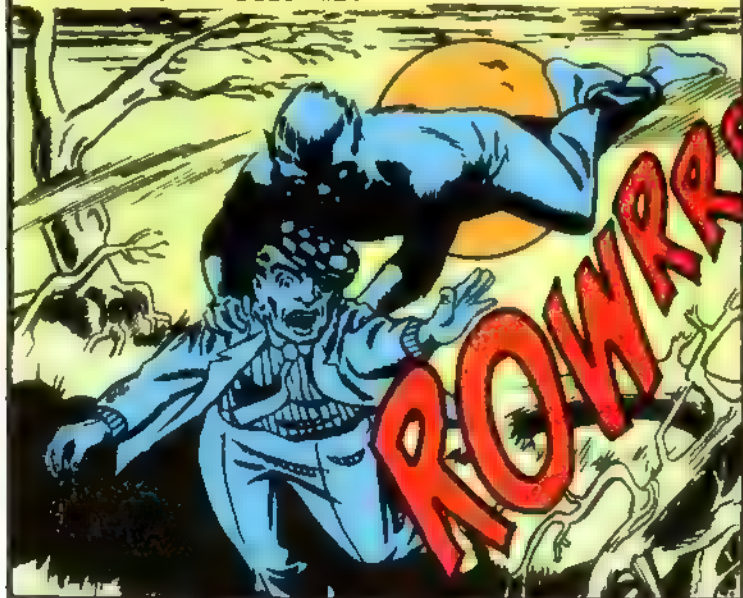
SPLENDID, SIR! JUST WHAT I WANT! AND WHEN YOU SEE THE... THE BEAST... **SHOOT TO KILL!**



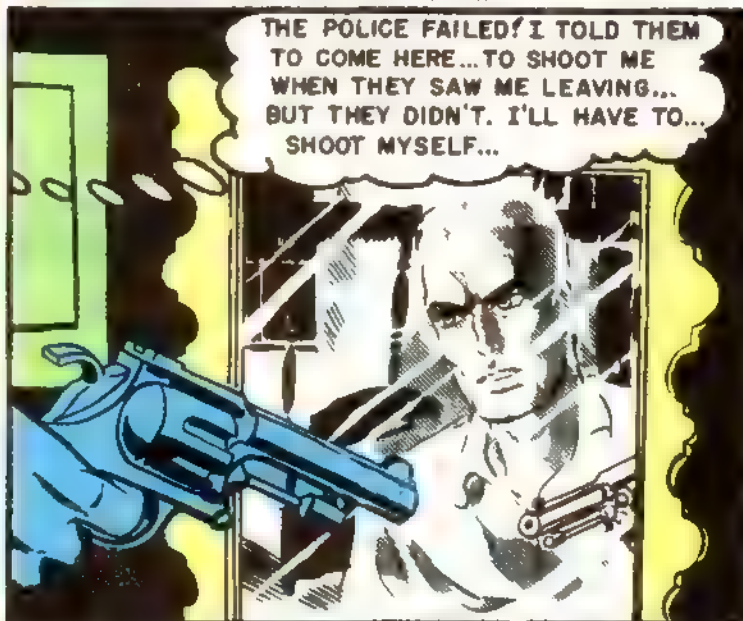
THAT NIGHT I WENT TO BED WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE. IF I ROAMED THE MOONLIT MOORS AGAIN, THE POLICE WOULD SEE ME AND FIRE! BUT AS THE MOONLIGHT GREW STRONGER AND STRONGER, I FELT MY STRENGTH GROWING, AND MY TEETH LENGTHENING...



AGAIN I ROAMED THE FOREST. AGAIN A HUMAN FLED BEFORE ME! WHAT HAD HAPPENED? WHY HAD THE POLICE NOT...KILLED ME?



AGAIN I FLOATED UP THROUGH DIMLY REMEMBERED HORROR, INTO THE LIGHT OF DAY...



THE POLICE FAILED! I TOLD THEM TO COME HERE...TO SHOOT ME WHEN THEY SAW ME LEAVING... BUT THEY DIDN'T. I'LL HAVE TO... SHOOT MYSELF...

YOU! YOU DID COME FOR ME! THANK HEAVENS! NOW I'LL NEVER HURT ANYONE AGAIN!

YOU'VE NEVER HURT ANYONE AT ALL, WALTER MALLORY!



IT WAS YOUR COUSIN GREGORY... AN ACCOMPLISHED HYPNOTIST... WHO MURDERED THOSE THREE MEN! THEY HAD BEEN BLACK-MAILING HIM! HE PUT THAT WEREWOLF MAKEUP ON YOUR FACE AFTER HAVING HYPNOTISED YOU. HE WORKED ON YOUR SUB-CONSCIOUS MIND CAUSING YOU TO BELIEVE THAT *YOU* COMMITTED THOSE GHASTLY CRIMES!

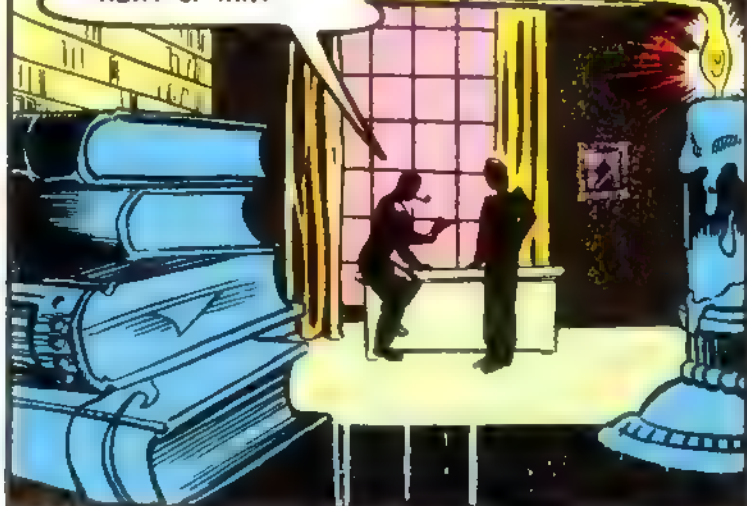


BUT... THEY WERE SO REAL! IF THEY WERE DREAMS...

THEY WERE REAL...TO YOU! THE HYPNOTIC MIND, IF SO DIRECTED, REMEMBERS WHAT IT HAS EXPERIENCED UNDER HYPNOTISM! GREGORY *COMMANDED* YOU TO REMEMBER!



HE HAD THESE MANUSCRIPTS PREPARED BY AN EXPERT TO FOOL YOU. HE HOPED REMORSE WOULD OVERCOME YOU... *WANTED* YOU TO KILL YOURSELF! YOU SEE, YOU STAND TO INHERIT A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE! BY YOUR DEATH, HE WOULD HAVE BECOME NEXT OF KIN!



IT WAS A MALEVOLENT PLAN, AND YET A SIMPLE ONE! IF YOU FAILED TO KILL YOURSELF, HE WAS IN A POSITION TO ORDER YOU COMMITTED FOR INSANITY. BUT HE HAD TO GET RID OF THOSE BLACKMAILERS... AND WE CAUGHT HIM LEAVING THE HOUSE LAST NIGHT...FOLLOWED...AND COLLARED HIM. YOU'RE A *FREE* MAN, WALTER MALLORY...



FINGERS OF DEATH!

His fingers relaxed and he felt the body sliding away from him, toward the floor. The throat had blue marks as a result of the strangling! At last he had done it . . . killed Montrose with his own hands! Now to get hold of that dazzling gold chain . . . the priceless piece he had wanted so much that he was willing to let it force him to MURDER!

He whirled and faced the window, his mouth dropping open momentarily. Those blinding lights! Someone was driving into the alley, the headlights of the car exploding against his bloodshot eyes. He had to get out . . . they would find the body now in a matter of moments . . . he must get as far away from the corpse as possible! The gold chain . . . it would have to wait! He'd have to come back later when no one was around . . . he couldn't risk being caught here, for there was murder in the balance!

With a screwdriver he was able to pry open the heavy brass hinges of the mausoleum door! The door squealed open and he peered into the darkness beyond for a second before he slipped into the macabre stone-floored chamber. The funeral had taken place more than a week ago . . . and he had time in the

interim to sneak back to Montrose's house . . . go over it with a fine-toothed comb! But his search had been to no avail . . . the gold chain had been nowhere to be found! And then the truth had struck him . . . that immensely valuable chain . . . it had probably been buried with Montrose! He would have it in his hands in a matter of moments . . . just as soon as he was able to open the coffin, take it from beside Montrose's cold cadaver!

It was there in Montrose's folded hands! He could see its dazzling surface gleaming under the rays of the small lamp he had placed at the head of the coffin. Montrose's hands held it . . . and he felt the perspiration forming on his forehead as he tried to pry it loose from those unyielding, icy fingers! He wrenched and pulled but still the fingers held firm! In desperation, under the tiny flickering light, he was able to move the fingers slightly apart, and slipped the gold chain free! A leer formed on his face as he bent far forward under the light to examine the treasure he held at last! His face brushed against Montrose's skin . . . and he shuddered! And then he felt those fingers . . . the ones he had been able to pry apart . . . beginning to close again in death! Close inexorably . . . close like a steel trap! With a gasp he tried to wrench free . . . they were closing tighter . . . tighter . . . around his own throat! He felt the icy tips digging into the soft flesh of his throat . . . he struggled to free himself . . . tore at the dead hands desperately! But there was no resisting those hands . . . they were retightening in death . . . and he was being trapped by the very man he himself had strangled! A sob escaped from his lips . . . he felt a searing sensation in his lungs as he tried to gulp the air! And then everything was turning dark like a bulb that had been burnt out! And he was falling . . . falling . . .



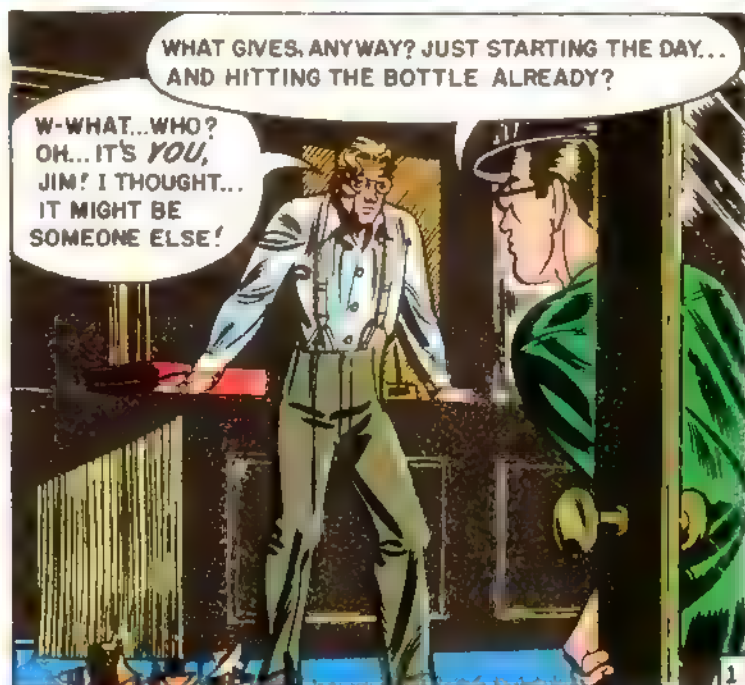
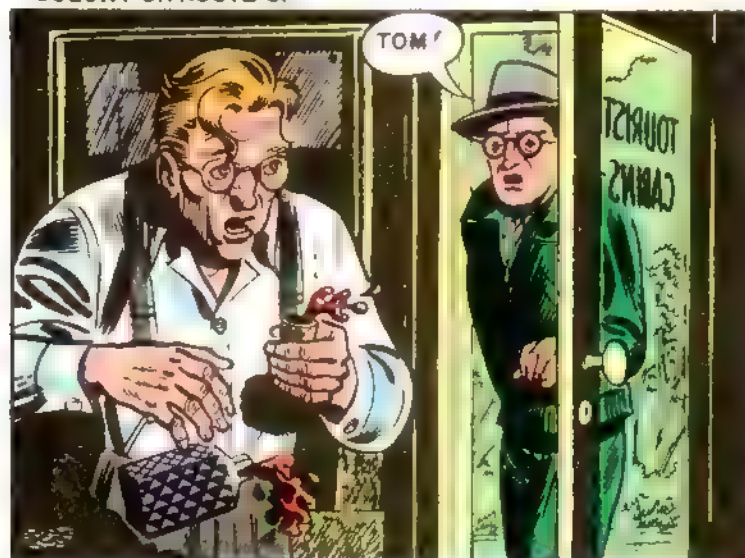
NEVER HAD TOM HAWKINS KNOWN SUCH FEAR BEFORE... NEVER HAD DEATH SEEMED SO TERRIBLY REAL AND CLOSE TO HIM AS IT DID THE NIGHT OF HIS TERRIBLE DREAM! HE HAD AWAKENED SHAKING WITH UNCONTROLLABLE DREAD OF THIS...

HORROR in the NIGHT



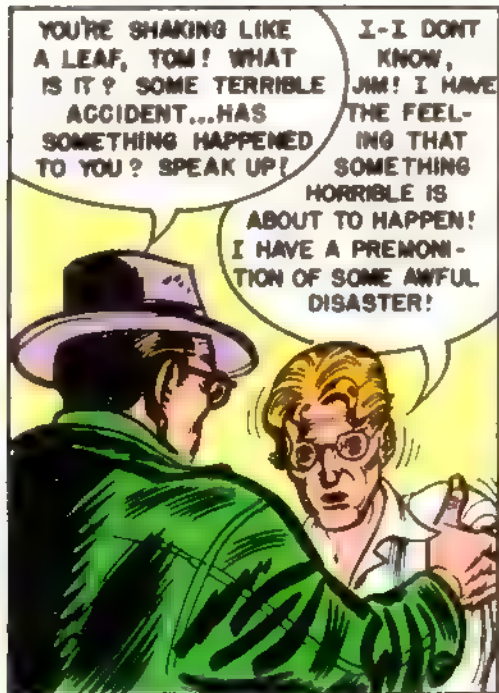
ANOTHER SUSPENSE STORY
from THE VAULT OF
HORROR!

NINE-THIRTY, IN THE OFFICE OF THE HAWKINS TOURIST COLONY ON ROUTE 6.



WHAT GIVES, ANYWAY? JUST STARTING THE DAY... AND HITTING THE BOTTLE ALREADY?

W-WHAT... WHO?
OH... IT'S YOU,
JIM! I THOUGHT...
IT MIGHT BE
SOMEONE ELSE!

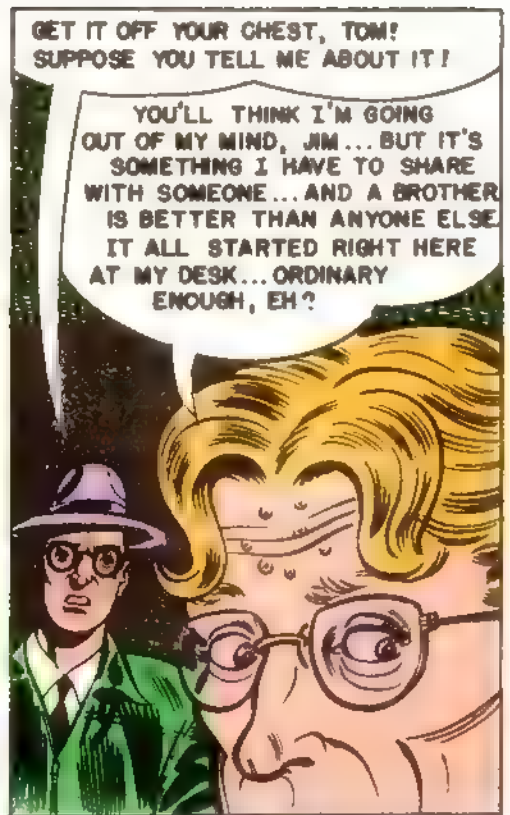


YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF, TOM! WHAT IS IT? SOME TERRIBLE ACCIDENT...HAS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO YOU? SPEAK UP!

I-I DON'T KNOW, JIM! I HAVE THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN! I HAVE A PREMONITION OF SOME AWFUL DISASTER!



IT WAS LAST NIGHT, JIM... A DREAM THAT WAS SO LIFELIKE, I HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM IT! IT HAPPENED RIGHT HERE...AND IT SEEMED TO BE A WARNING TO ME...A WARNING OF TERRIBLE THINGS TO COME!



GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST, TOM! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME ABOUT IT!

YOU'LL THINK I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND, JIM... BUT IT'S SOMETHING I HAVE TO SHARE WITH SOMEONE... AND A BROTHER IS BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE. IT ALL STARTED RIGHT HERE AT MY DESK... ORDINARY ENOUGH, EH?

"IT HAPPENED JUST BEFORE NOON, IN THIS DREAM! I HEARD THE SQUEAL OF BRAKES OUTSIDE... THERE WAS A CAR OUT IN THE DRIVEWAY..."



CUSTOMERS STARTING EARLY TODAY!



GOT A CABIN FOR TWO... JUST FOR OVERNIGHT? WE'LL BE LEAVING EARLY IN THE MORNING...

YOU BET, SIR! GOT A NICE ONE BACK OFF THE ROAD...



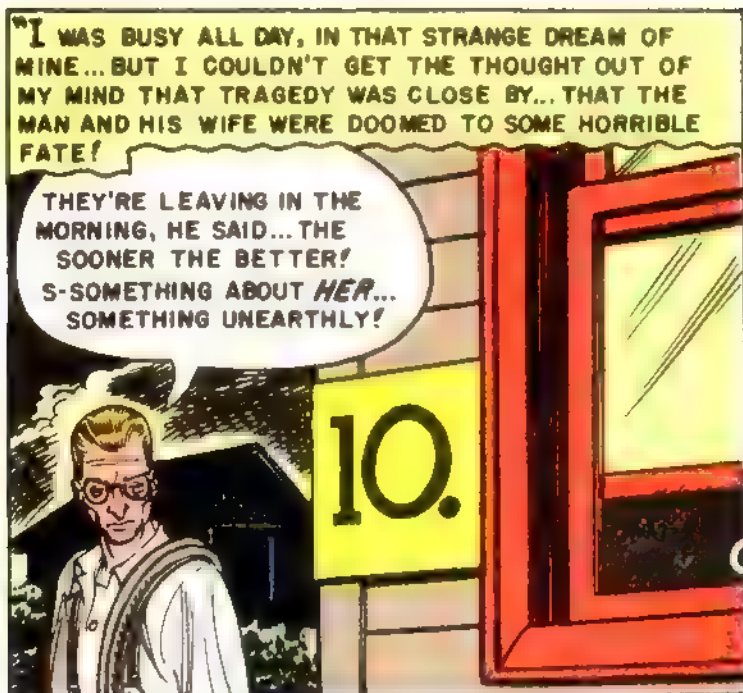
MR. AND MRS. SMITH... JOHN SMITH! FROM... ER... NEVADA! HEADING EAST ALONG HIGHWAY SIX! GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF THE REGISTRY ALL RIGHT!

YEAH... THAT'LL DO FINE, MR...ER... SMITH!

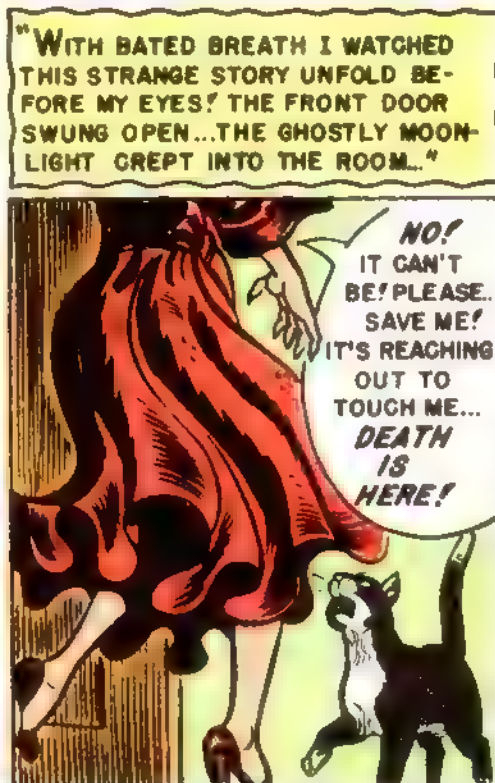
"THE MAN WAS ORDINARY ENOUGH... BUT HIS WIFE... THERE WAS SOMETHING EERIE ABOUT HER! JUST LOOKING AT HER SENT A CHILL UP MY SPINE! THERE WAS A WILD... A MAD LOOK ABOUT HER!"

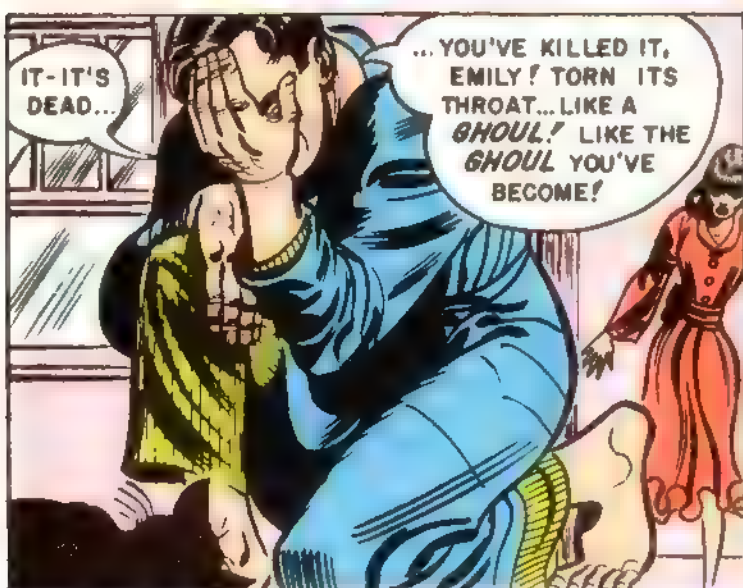


BRRR! THAT WOMAN... HER EYES ARE LIKE A WILD ANIMAL'S... SEEMS TO BE AN UNCONTROLLABLE FIRE BURNING IN HER BRAIN!



"SOMEHOW... BY SOME STRANGE POWER THAT CAN BE EXPLAINED ONLY BY THE VERY NATURE OF DREAMS, I WAS IN CABIN TEN THAT NIGHT! NOT IN THE FLESH, OF COURSE... NOT AS TOM HAWKINS! MORE AS A HOVERING PRESENCE... A GHOST, YOU MIGHT SAY..."

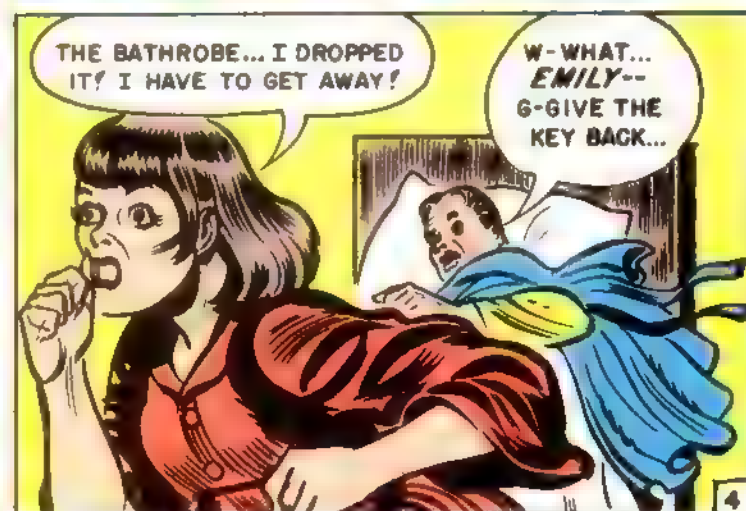




"I FELT SICK... THIS APPARITION WHO HAD MATERIALIZED IN MY DREAM... THIS WILD WOMAN... HAD DESCENDED TO THE LEVEL OF THE PREDATORY BEASTS! SHE WAS A RAGING, SKULKING MONSTER! I TRIED TO LEAVE THE CABIN... BUT I, TOO, WAS A PRISONER!"



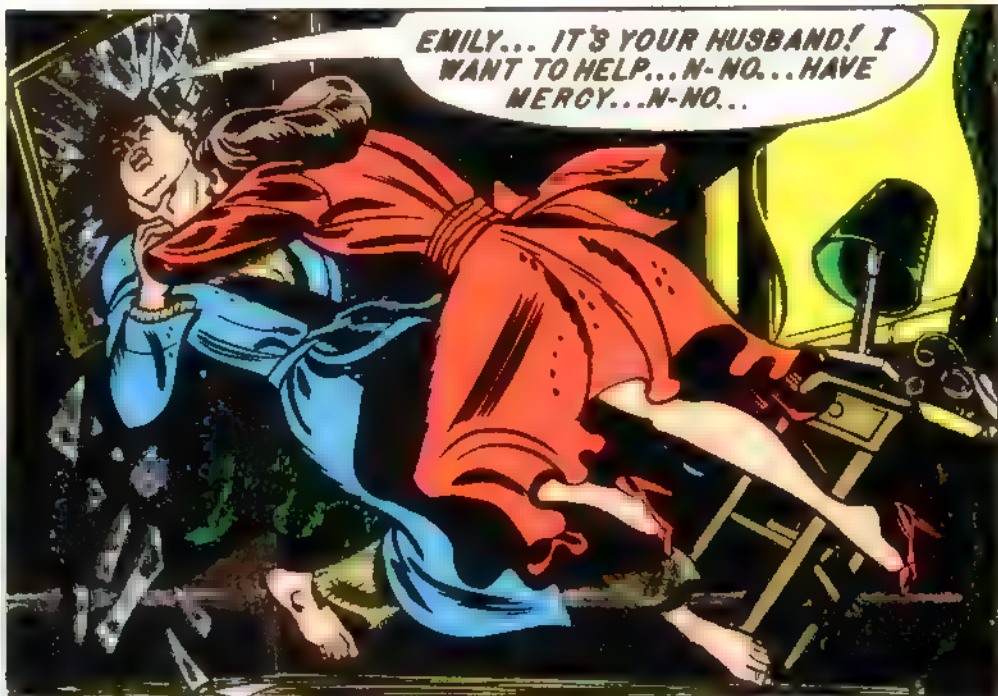
"THESE WERE THE GUESTS WHO HAD COME TO OUR CABIN... THE MAN WITH THE WIFE WHO WAS A MAD MURDERER! A MURDERER ON THE LEVEL OF THE SAVAGE JUNGLE ANIMALS!"



YOU WON'T STOP ME! YOU PRETEND TO LOVE ME... BUT YOU REALLY HAVE ONLY HATRED FOR ME! I'LL KILL YOU... THE WAY I'VE MURDERED ALL THE OTHERS!



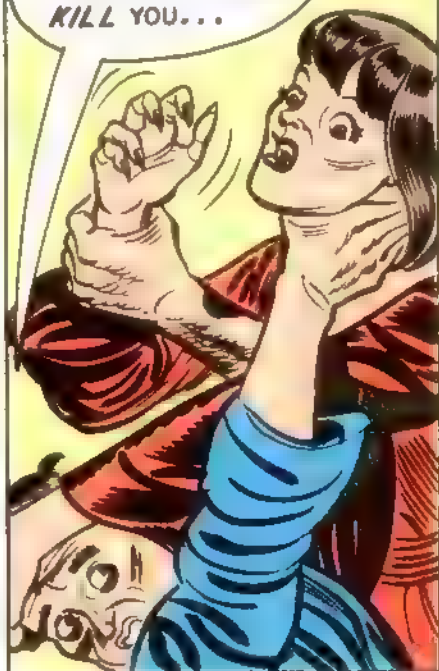
EMILY... IT'S YOUR HUSBAND! I WANT TO HELP... N-NO... HAVE MERCY... N-NO...



"I WAS HYPNOTIZED AS I WATCHED THE TERRIBLE SCENE TRANSPIRING BEFORE MY EYES! AND THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO... I WASN'T EVEN THERE! IT WAS NOTHING BUT AN AWFUL NIGHTMARE... AND I WAS TRAPPED IN IT!



E-EMILY... NOTHING I CAN DO! M-MUST KILL YOU...



...YOU'VE BECOME A WILD ANIMAL... YOU SCRATCH AND SLASH LIKE A TRAPPED TIGRESS! I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU WITH MY OWN HANDS!



"RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES... A HORRIBLE MURDER WAS BEING COMMITTED! A WAVE OF NAUSEA PASSED OVER ME... I FELT FAINT... BUT MY EYES WERE RIVETED TO THE NIGHTMARE IN FRONT OF ME."

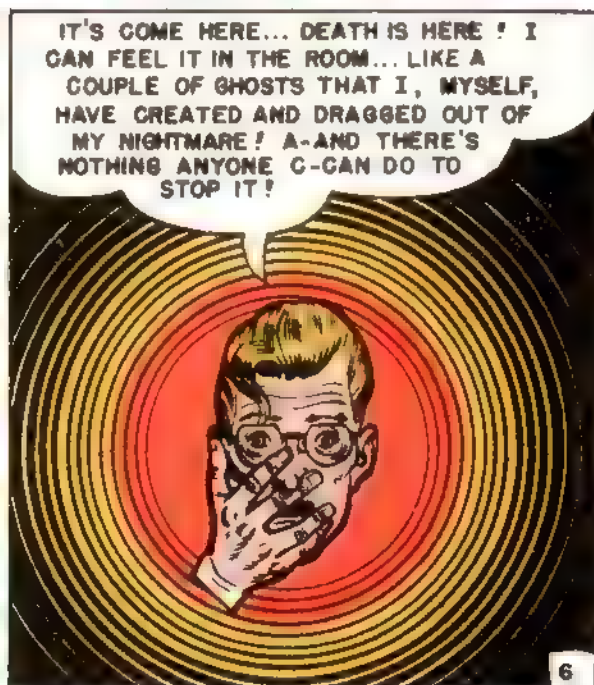
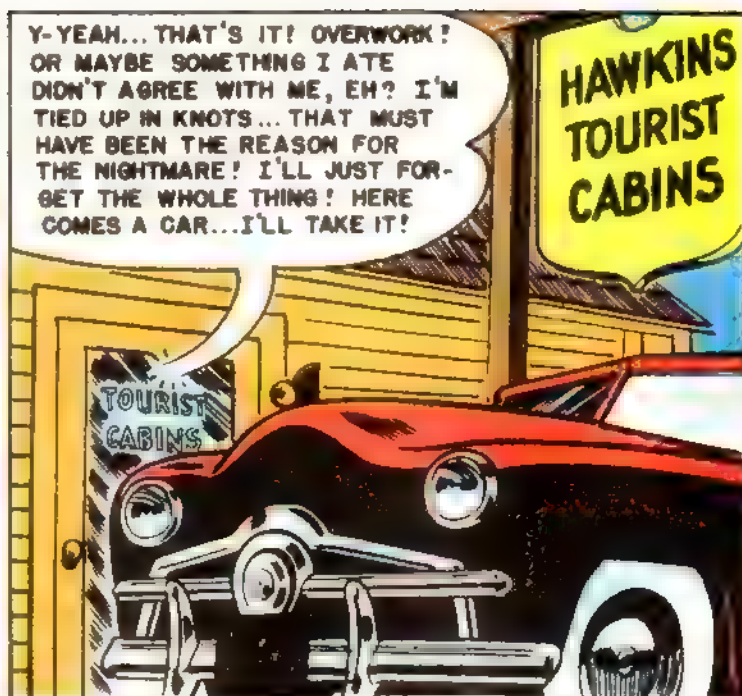
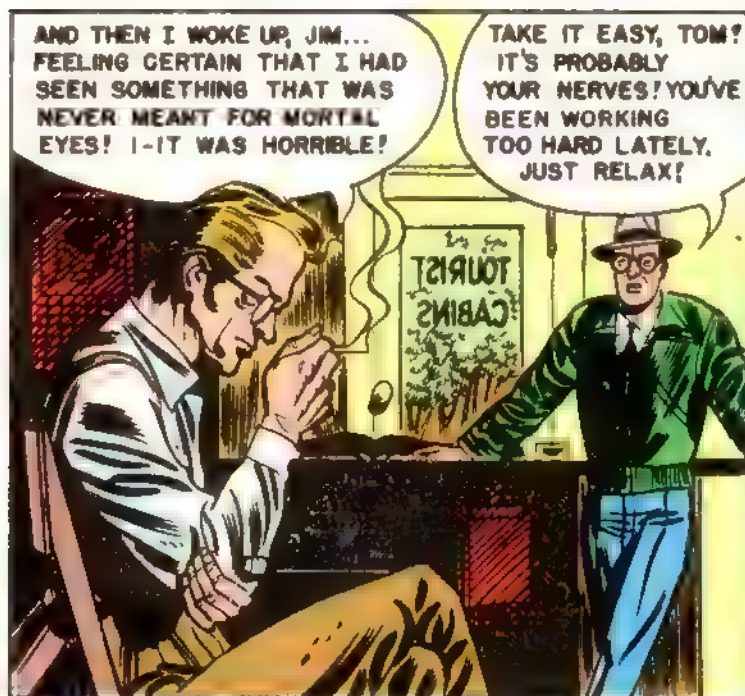
D-DEAD... I'VE KILLED HER! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN... EVER SINCE OUR BABY WAS KILLED... CLAWED TO DEATH BY A CAT... THIS WOULD BE THE INEVITABLE END!



"IT WAS AS IF THE MAN WAS TELLING ME THE REASON FOR THE TRAGEDY THAT HAD JUST OCCURRED."

SHE'S BEEN A RAGING LUNATIC EVER SINCE THE ACCIDENT... KILLED EVERY ANIMAL CROSSING HER PATH... AND TRIED TO KILL HERSELF BY LEAPING INTO THE GRAVE WHERE THE BABY IS BURIED, WHENEVER SHE WAS ALONE NEAR THE CEMETERY!







THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

What?! Hit the beaches for old EC, again?? You know it! Look out, you VAULT-VERMIN, 'cause Russ Cochran is going to reprint each 32-pg issue of VAULT, in chronological order, on a quarterly basis! This will replace the 64-pg line (referred to in this column, and our ads, as RCP VAULT, RCP CRYPT, etc.). Many of you beady-eyed readers know my first issue was numbered 12. Why? 'Cause my mag was created from WAR AGAINST CRIME, which topped out with issue #11.

I want to thank you for bringing back the old E.C. Comics particularly TALES FROM THE CRYPT, HAUNT OF FEAR, and VAULT OF HORROR. The scary and sarcastic overtones and gut-wrenching twists in each issue have a timeless quality I truly appreciate!

I have some questions that I was hoping you could answer

1 Has the E.C. line been reprinted before your series or the Gladstone series?

2. What is the possibility of putting together some new artwork and stories for a new series of CRYPT???

3 Is there still a "Fan-addict" club??

Samuel W. Kingston
Sandy, UT

1) Yes! East Coast Comix did 32-pagers some years ago—see Evan Lanctot's letter this page.

2) It's possible, but I'd want the best. Wouldn't YOU?

3) I'm not running an official club no mo', but there are bound to be wildcat operations out there. How about it? Step forward and identify, you fan-addicts.

—VK

I love your "Tales from the Crypt" comics I watch the series on HBO

One thing I want to know is The Crypt Keepers book, does that have real comics in it? When did you first start making comics?

Chris J. Mitchell
Prince George, VA

Well Chris, he stuffs a copy of his script in that book, with lines highlighted. See, he's a DUMMY!

Actually, just the cover art is pasted into the book for each show. These covers are drawn by Mike Vosberg. —VK

First of all, I just picked up TALES FROM THE CRYPT #6, and the difference in the quality of reproduction was noticeable immediately, the colors jump out at you, and the blacks are not muddy like they were before. Although it seems strange to see EC's reprinted in the flexographic process, they do look better now than any previous form of reprint (and I have them all, even the East Coast ones of the 70's)

Although I possess many reprints, and a dozen originals, I had never seen the contents of this issue before, the CRIME SUSPENSTORIES issue was good, but the TALES issue was terrific! Davis, Evans, Kamen, and Ingels were all masters of their form, and as usual, they did not disappoint.

Evan M. Lanctot
Burlington, VT

Thanks for the good words, Evan! I look even better in offset, and the Crypt-Keeper and the Old Witch needed all the help they could get! (Evan's got East Coast Comix reprints, and you can have some, too! See our ad elsewhere in this issue.) —VK

In the stores now (or available from us direct) are the first issues of NEW CRYPT, NEW WEIRD SCIENCE and NEW SHOCK. Out this month are NEW WEIRD FANTASY #1 and TWO-FISTED TALES #1. Coming next month: NEW HAUNT #1, NEW WEIRD S-F #1 and NEW CRIME #1! To be sure of getting every issue of every title, why not SUBSCRIBE?!

Send letters of comment to:

VAULT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 465

WEST PLAINS MO 65775

THIS COMIC REPRINTS:
VAULT OF HORROR "#12" (#1, 1950)

'Portrait in Wax'
'The Werewolf Legend'
'Horror in the Night'
'Terror Train'

Johnny Craig
Harrison/Wood
Harvey Kurtzman
Al Feldstein



TOOTH AND FANG!

The knife slashed down! There was a gasp . . . then he straightened up and looked at the body of the paunchy circus owner, stretched there on the wooden floor . . . one hand slowly relaxing from the canvas of the circus tent! He had done it . . . he would have to look around the headquarters tent fast someone might come this way any minute!

He was bent over the tin box when he heard the footsteps! He straightened up as if he had been wound tight . . . and his eyes narrowed when he saw the three shadows striding toward the open flap of the tent! His heart raced ominously . . . he felt the skin on his neck prickle! Those roustabouts . . . they were headed here! He slipped the wad of bills into his pocket and looked around the tent in desperation! He couldn't go out the front door of the tent . . . for they were sure to see him! And he would hang for the murder! There had to be another way out . . . there **MUST** be another escape!

And then his eyes noted the barred door at the opposite end of the tent! As if a cage had been backed up against the far end of the tent! That was how he would escape through that barred door! His hands fastened around the handles near the floor and he gave a sturdy yank . . . the door lifted up un-

der his weight! It was a matter of seconds before he stepped beyond the door . . . released it and heard it slam shut behind him! Then he whirled, and peering between the bars, saw the three roustabouts pausing at the entrance to the tent! If he could remain here until they went away . . . if he could remain hidden here behind the door, it would give him a little more time to think of how he was going to escape!

There was a low snarl behind him and he whirled . . . his eyes squinting into the darkness that surrounded him. His heart lurched inside him . . . not more than ten feet from him he saw those fiery eyes boring straight into his own! Cat's eyes, he realized with a shudder! And his own eyes had become accustomed to the light enough for him to know what it was that faced him . . . a snarling Panther! The fur at the back of its neck was rising stiff and straight . . . it was getting ready to spring at him!

He whirled, his hands tearing at the barred door. But it was rock fast! He had slammed it shut when he entered . . . it couldn't be opened from this side! His heart missed a beat

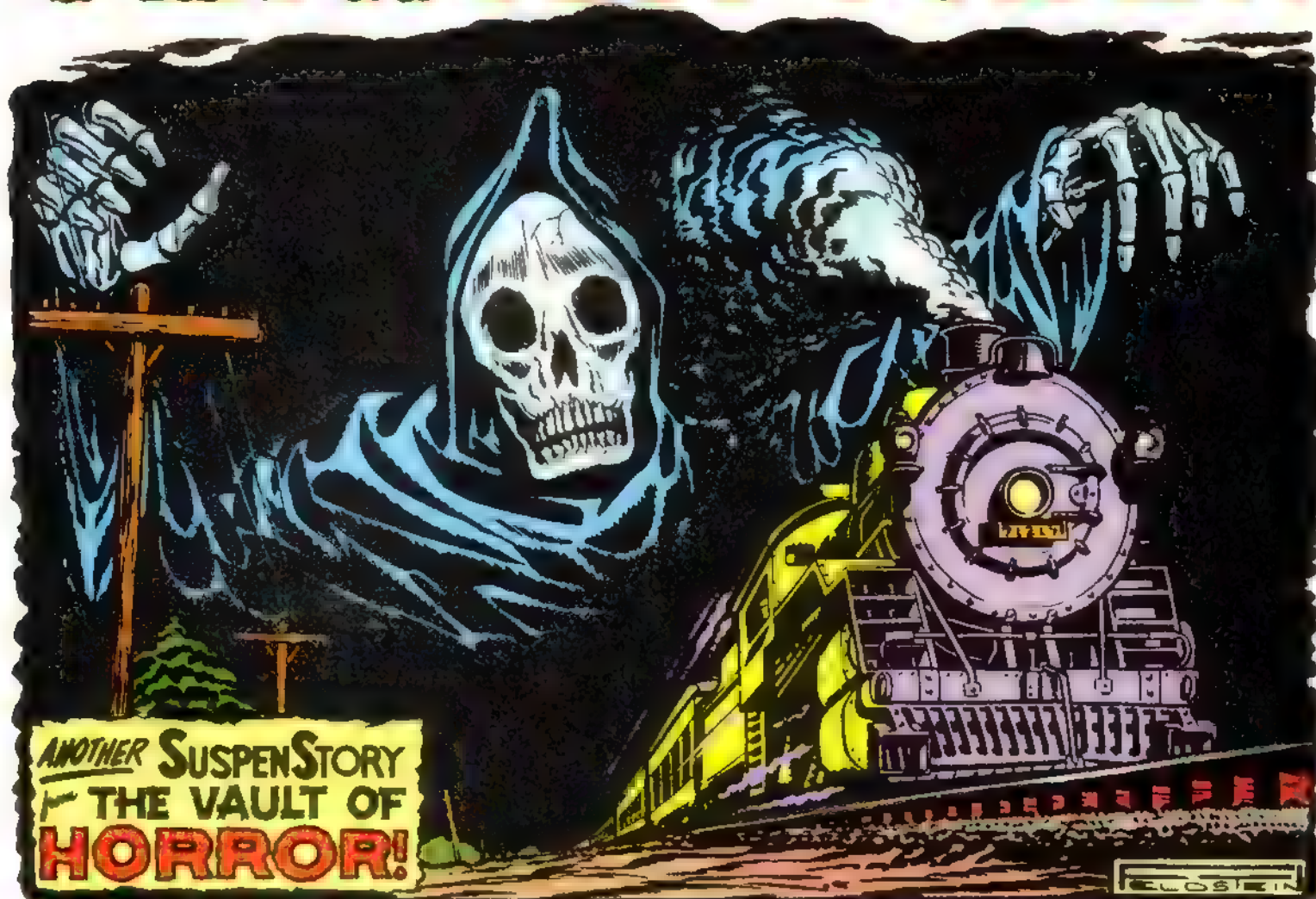
he was suddenly bathed in cold, prickling perspiration! He opened his mouth and screamed at the men who were now moving away from the front of the tent! He **MUST** attract their attention . . . before it was too late

before . . . he shuddered to think of what would happen to him there in the cage with the raging Panther! He screamed, tilting his head back . . . but the sound which issued from his lips was drowned out by a more frightening sound . . . the panther emitting its blood-curdling roar as it prepared to leap! Drunkenly he turned, flattening himself against the wall . . . knowing that his voice could not be heard . . . that this time there **WAS** no escape for him! He saw the panther squat before it launched itself . . . and even as he stared at those fiery eyes, the pain came over him like a wave . . . and he knew . . . it was the end . . . the end



HE WAS TRYING TO KILL ME! HE HATED ME! AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, HE ALMOST SUCCEEDED... THE NIGHT I RODE A...

TERROR TRAIN



ANOTHER SUSPENSE STORY
FROM THE VAULT OF
HORROR!

ELCOSTEIN

IT ALL STARTED THE DAY I DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM RALPH! HE WAS GOING TO *KILL* ME! I *KNEW* THAT! I HAD TO GET AWAY! I PACKED A SMALL BAG AND HAILED A TAXI...



THE RAILROAD TERMINAL...
AND PLEASE HURRY!

YES,
MA'AM!

AS THE TAXI SPED DOWNTOWN, I HUDDLED IN THE CORNER OF THE SEAT... AFRAID THAT HE MIGHT SEE ME! RALPH *HATED* ME SO! I DON'T REMEMBER HOW IT STARTED BUT IT HAD DEVELOPED TO A POINT WHERE I FEARED FOR MY LIFE! I REMEMBER ONE DAY, RALPH CAME HOME WITH A PACKAGE...



WHAT DID YOU
BUY, RALPH?

OH...NOTHING, GLORIA DEAR!
SOMETHING FOR MY OWN
PERSONAL USE!

IT WAS **POISON!** I HAD TO BE ON MY GUARD! I WATCHED THE BOTTLE CAREFULLY AND WHEN I NOTICED SOME OF THE POISON MISSING, I DIDN'T EAT... PRETENDING SOME EXCUSE! I WAS CAREFUL. HE **FAILED** THAT TIME!

I SAID... HERE'S THE TERMINAL, LADY!

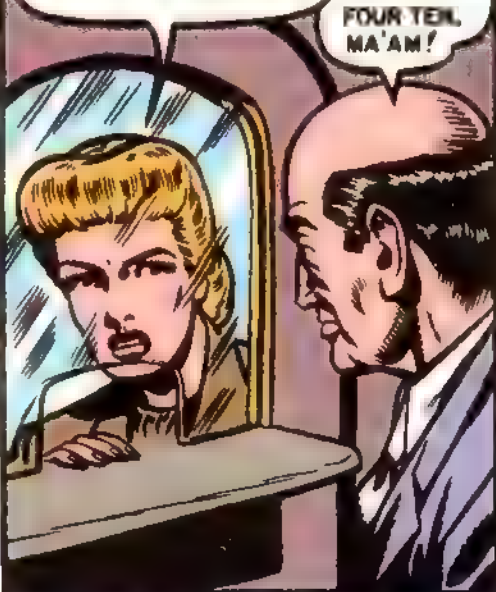
OH... I BEG YOUR PARDON!



I PAID THE FARE, AND LOOKED UP AND DOWN THE STREET! I DIDN'T SEE RALPH! I RUSHED INTO THE STATION!

I... I'D LIKE A TICKET TO... TO... NEW YORK!

THAT'LL BE THIRTY-FOUR TEN, MA'AM!



I STUFFED THE TICKET INTO MY PURSE AND LOOKED AROUND! IF RALPH EVER CAUGHT ME DOING THIS... I DROVE THE THOUGHT FROM MY MIND! **NO!** I **WOULD** GET AWAY! I **HAD** TO! I WOULD BE **SAFE** THEN! I SAT DOWN ON A BENCH IN A CORNER OF THE WAITING ROOM, AND HID BEHIND A NEWSPAPER.



MY TRAIN WASN'T DUE FOR TWENTY MINUTES! SUPPOSE RALPH CALLED AT HOME? THERE WOULD BE NO ANSWER! HE WOULD **KNOW!** I THOUGHT OF THAT NIGHT LAST MONTH WHEN I AWOKE TO FIND RALPH STANDING OVER ME... A KITCHEN KNIFE IN HIS HAND...

RALPH!

I... I FOUND THIS KNIFE ON YOUR NIGHT TABLE, GLORIA! YOU... SHOULDN'T LEAVE THINGS LIKE THIS AROUND!



HE HAD STAMMERED OUT A LAME EXCUSE! HE WAS GOING TO **MURDER** ME AND I HAD DISCOVERED HIM IN TIME! I DIDN'T SLEEP THE REST OF THAT NIGHT... I JUST **LAY** THERE... **LISTENING**...

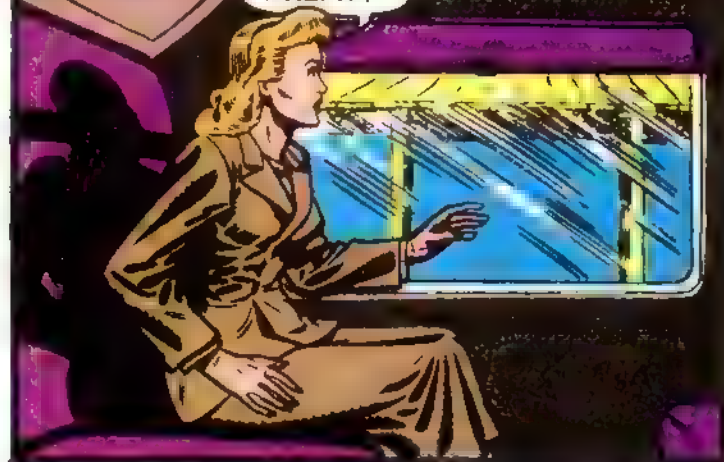
PARDON ME, MA'AM! THAT'S YOUR TRAIN! YOU'D BETTER HURRY OR YOU'LL MISS IT!

OH... THANK YOU!



I WENT OUT TO THE PLATFORM AND BOARDED THE TRAIN! I FOUND MY SEAT! WHY DIDN'T WE START? I GLANCED OUT OF THE WINDOW! SOMEONE WAS RUNNING DOWN THE PLATFORM! IT... IT LOOKED LIKE...

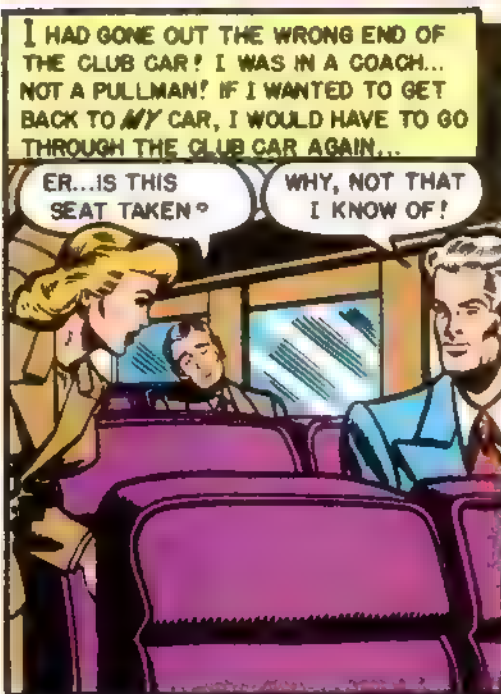
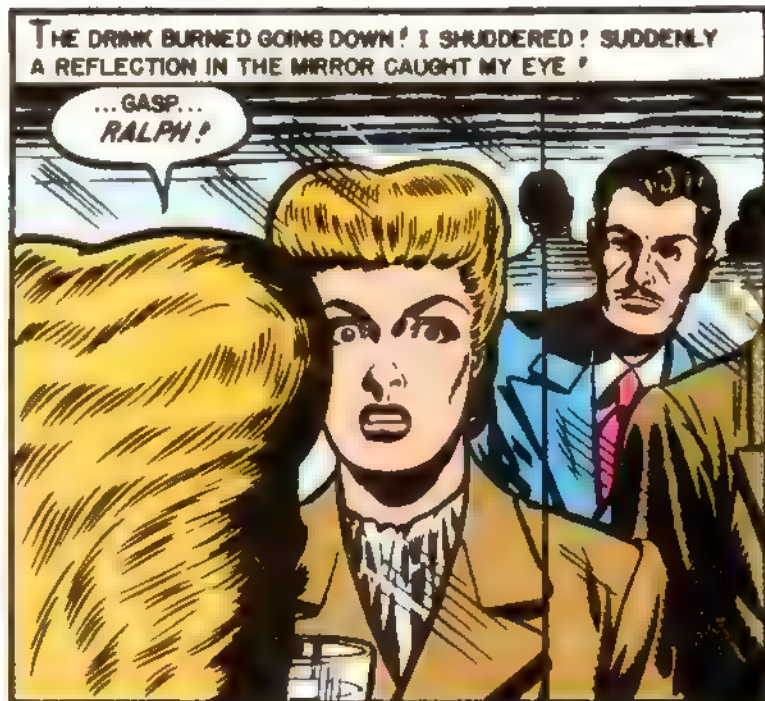
RALPH!



AS THE TRAIN BEGAN TO MOVE, THE MAN SWUNG HIMSELF UP INTO THE CAR BEHIND MINE! I WASN'T SURE! IT **COULD** BE RALPH! IT... **LOOKED** LIKE HIM... AND YET... I WAS FRIGHTENED! IT WAS TOO **LATE** TO GET OFF! THE TRAIN WAS ON ITS WAY...

IT'S... IT'S JUST MY NERVES! I... I NEED A DRINK! I WONDER IF THERE'S A CLUB CAR ON THE TRAIN?

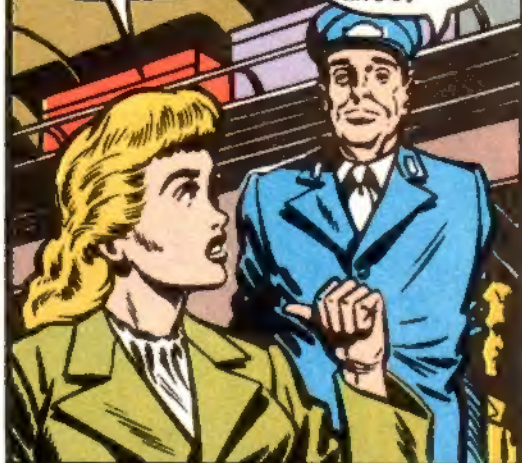




THE CONDUCTOR LOOKED AT ME QUIZZICALLY! HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT I WAS TRYING TO RIDE FREE!

NO, REALLY! I'VE A BERTH BACK IN THE PULLMANS!

YOU'D BETTER SHOW ME, MISS!



AS WE PASSED THROUGH THE CLUB CAR AGAIN, I SEARCHED THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE! RALPH WASN'T THERE! PERHAPS I HAD MADE A MISTAKE! THE DRINK! MAYBE IT HAD BEEN THE SCOTCH AND SODA!

THIS IS MY BERTH! I'LL GET MY TICKET!

ALL RIGHT, MISS!



THE CONDUCTOR WAS SATISFIED! MY BERTH WAS MADE UP, AND SINCE I FELT A LITTLE DIZZY FROM THE DRINK, I DECIDED TO GET SOME SLEEP!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE WHO LOOKED LIKE RALPH! I'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING...

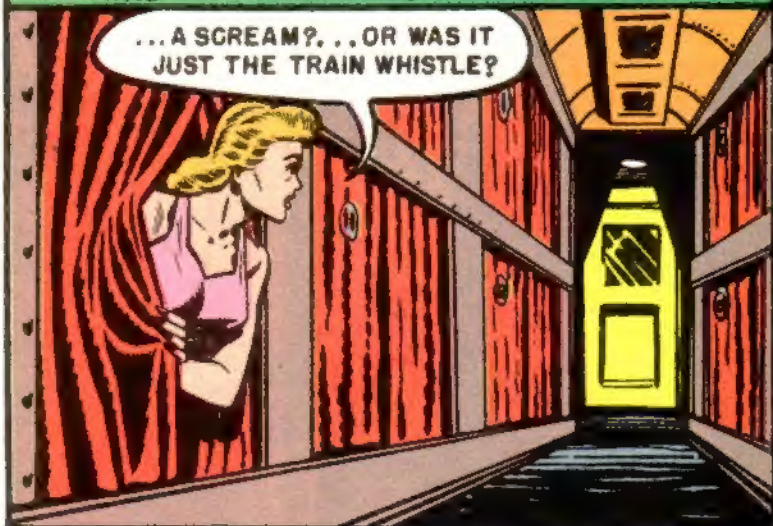


...AND SAFER, TOO! THE TRAIN, HURTLING THROUGH THE NIGHT, WAS PUTTING MORE AND MORE MILES BETWEEN RALPH AND ME! I CLOSED MY EYES! THE TRAIN RUMBLED ON... AND ON... AND I FELT MYSELF DRIFTING INTO SLEEP... SLEEP...



SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKENED BY AN EAR-SPLITTING, PIERCING SHRIEK! I LOOKED OUT OF MY BERTH! THE CURTAINS ON THE OTHER BERTHS WERE ALL CLOSED... AND THE CAR WAS DARK EXCEPT FOR A SMALL LIGHT AT THE REAR! WHAT WAS THAT I HAD HEARD!

...A SCREAM?... OR WAS IT JUST THE TRAIN WHISTLE?



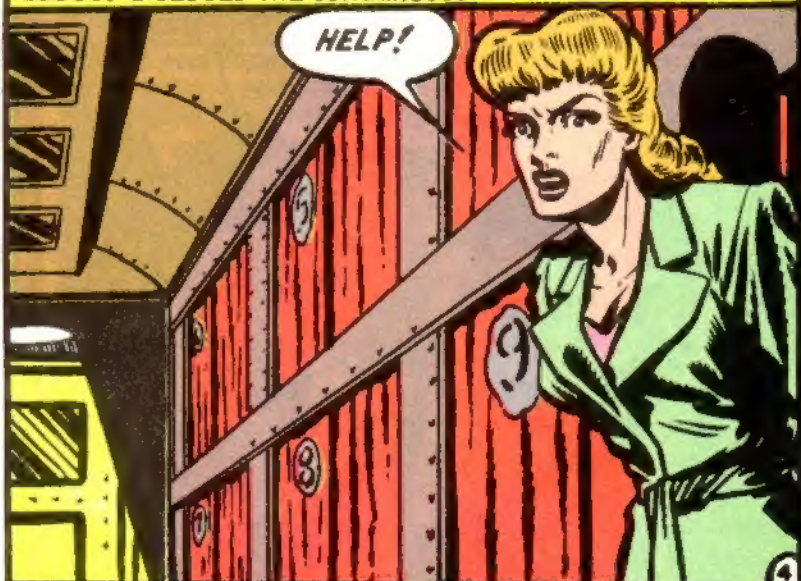
A BERTH AT THE FAR END OF THE CAR WAS MARKED "PORTER". I MADE MY WAY TOWARD IT! I'D ASK HIM IF HE HAD HEARD IT TOO. I PULLED ASIDE THE CURTAIN!

...GASP... NO! NO! EEEEEEEK!



IT WAS GHASTLY! HE WAS DEAD! COLD AND STIFF! HIS EYES, WIDE WITH HORROR... THE BEDCLOTHES SMEARED WITH BLOOD! I CLOSED THE CURTAINS...

HELP!



THERE WAS NO ANSWER! NO ONE STIRRED! I CRIED OUT AGAIN! COULDN'T THEY HEAR ME? FRANTICALLY, I TORE ASIDE THE CURTAINS OF THE NEXT BERTH...

AAAAAAAH!



IT WAS HORRIBLE! THE OCCUPANT OF *THAT* BERTH WAS DEAD, TOO! ICY FINGERS CLOSED ABOUT MY HEART! A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEPED OVER ME AS I WENT FROM BERTH TO BERTH, FLINGING THE CURTAINS BACK! THEY WERE DEAD... ALL DEAD! I WAS ON A DEATH TRAIN! RALPH! IT *WAS* RALPH! HE WAS MAD!

HE MUST BE ON THE TRAIN...
LOOKING FOR ME...



SUDDENLY, I HEARD THE SHRIEK AGAIN... AND I WAS THROWN TO THE FLOOR! THIS TIME IT *HAD* BEEN THE SHRIEK OF BRAKES... THE TRAIN HAD COME TO A STOP...

THIS... THIS IS MY CHANCE!



I RAN TO THE END OF THE CAR AND LEAPED FROM THE TRAIN...

...MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!



AS I STOOD BEHIND A TREE... WATCHING, THE TRAIN BEGAN TO MOVE! SQUEEING... STRAINING... SLOWLY... IT GAINED MOMENTUM! IT WAS PULLING AWAY... AND I HAD ESCAPED!

NO ONE GOT OFF WITH ME...
I... I'M SAFE!



I LOOKED AROUND ME! A HOUSE! I SAW A HOUSE ON THE TOP OF THE HILL... AND THERE WAS A LIGHT ON! I MADE MY WAY THROUGH THE GRASS TOWARD IT!

IF THEY HAVE A PHONE, I'LL CALL THE POLICE!
THEY COULD STOP THE TRAIN AT THE NEXT STATION...



NEAR THE HOUSE, I NOTICED SOMETHING STRANGE! SOMEONE HAD BEEN DIGGING... A YAWNING BLACK PIT... THE SHAPE... OF...

A GRAVE!



NOW I WAS LETTING MY IMAGINATION GET THE BETTER OF ME! I PUSHED THE THOUGHT OUT OF MY MIND! WHY DID I THINK IT WAS A GRAVE? WHAT WAS SO STRANGE ABOUT AN EXCAVATION NEAR A FARM HOUSE? THEY WERE PROBABLY MAKING A WATER TROUGH! I KNOCKED ON THE DOOR...

ANYONE IN THERE? OPEN THE DOOR! PLEASE...



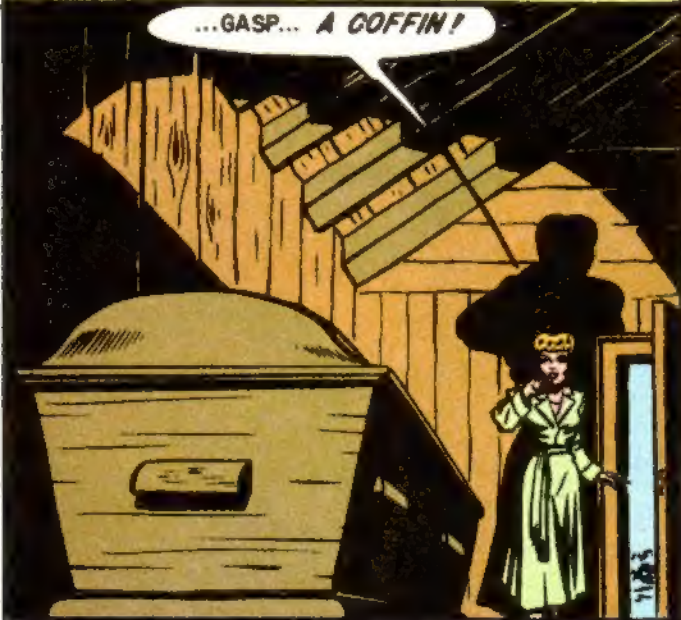
THERE WAS NO ANSWER. THEN, I HEARD THE LATCH CLICK AND THE DOOR SLOWLY SWUNG OPEN...THE RUSTY HINGES CREAKING...

H...HELLO? ANYONE...HOME?



I STEPPED INSIDE! I LOOKED AROUND! THE ROOM WAS BARE EXCEPT FOR...

...GASP... A COFFIN!



I SPUN AROUND! THE DOOR WAS CLOSED BEHIND ME...AND STANDING IN FRONT OF IT WAS...

RALPH!

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, GLORIA!



HE CAUGHT ME IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP! I GRIED OUT! I STRUGGLED, BUT I COULD NOT FIGHT HIS OVERWHELMING STRENGTH!

NO NEED TO SCREAM, GLORIA. NO ONE WILL HEAR YOU.

LET ME GO! LET ME GO!



HE FORCED ME TO THE COFFIN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME, RALPH?

DON'T YOU KNOW, GLORIA?



I COULD DO NOTHING! HE CLOSED THE LID OF THE COFFIN... DOWN UPON ME... AND I HEARD THE SHARP BLOWS OF A HAMMER! HE WAS NAILING ME IN...

RALPH! PLEASE... HAVE MERCY!



THEN I FELT THE COFFIN BEING DRAGGED ACROSS THE FLOOR! I HEARD THE SQUEAK OF THE RUSTY HINGES AS RALPH OPENED THE DOOR...

HE'S TAKING ME OUTSIDE... TO... TO THAT GRAVE!



I FELT THE JAR AND HEARD THE HOLLOW BOOM OF THE COFFIN AS RALPH PUSHED ME INTO THE GRAVE... THEN HIS FIENDISH LAUGHTER... HIS HYSTERICAL RAVING...

GOOD-BYE, GLORIA! SLEEP PEACEFULLY!



HE WAS FILLING IN THE GRAVE! THE SOFT EARTH THUDDING ON THE COFFIN LID! THEN... ALL WAS QUIET! I GUESS I BROKE DOWN AT THAT POINT...

HELP... SOB... HELP ME... SOMEBODY... PLEASE... PLEASE!



I WAS CRAZED WITH FEAR! I WAS GOING TO SUFFOCATE... BURIED ALIVE BY A MADMAN... MY HUSBAND... RALPH! I POUNDED ON THE COFFIN! I COULD FEEL THE FLESH OF MY FISTS TEAR AS I POUNDED! I LOST ALL CONTROL! I SCREAMED AND BEAT THE SIDES OF THE COFFIN...



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A BLINDING LIGHT! I SAT UP WITH A START AND LOOKED AROUND ME...

HERE SHE IS, GENTLEMEN!

YOU'D BETTER STOP THAT RACKET, LADY... AND COME QUIETLY!



I... I HAD BEEN DREAMING! I WAS STILL IN MY BERTH ON THE TRAIN! AND RALPH, WITH PITY IN HIS EYES, WAS COMFORTING ME... STROKING MY HAND!

NO! KEEP AWAY! TAKE HIM AWAY FROM ME! HE WANTS TO KILL ME!

SURE, LADY! SURE! YOU COME WITH US! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! HE WON'T HURT YOU! WE'LL SEE TO THAT!



THE MEN IN WHITE TOOK ME AWAY! THEY PUT ME IN A NICE HOUSE WITH NICE PEOPLE... A HOUSE THAT HAS BARS ON ALL THE WINDOWS SO RALPH CAN'T GET IN AND KILL ME! AND NOW I'M SAFE FROM HIM!

...AND THAT'S MY STORY! PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO COME AND... VISIT ME SOMETIME AGAIN?



THE END